



LAKE CREEK LETTER

A Publication of the Lake Creek Historical Society

Volume 12, Number 1

Spring 2003

LCHS's Pioneer Festival 2002

The day dawned bright and beautiful for the Lake Creek Historical Society's first annual Pioneer Festival last October. A sizable crowd gathered to witness an entertaining sheep herding demonstration by Iris Short and her amazing sheep dogs. The exhibition brought back old memories to local Lake Creek residents who grew up herding sheep in the area.



Entertainment on the grounds included first class, live music by area residents, including Dick Millard and Don Pietila, performing country and western songs. Mert Thomson also took advantage of the bandstand to sing, and Ed Allen did Karaoke. Folks caught gold fever, making Scott Grissom's gold panning booth a huge success as it drew lucky strikers back time and again. Ashley and Alisha Backus decorated young faces with paint, and

Jim Lyon helped Aaron, Brandon, and Daniel Grissom look after a fishing booth. There were even those that helped Sandy Geary carve pumpkins.

Excitement carried on into the hall, which was decorated with-among other things-a canning and recipe display by Georgia Dover, and an antique kitchen display by Mert Thomson. Guests were able to watch several quilters, including Mary Eagle, Alice Goodrich, and some members of the Jacksonville Museum Quilters Club, work together on a quilt. Other crafters were Carolyn Wedburg, Linda Lyon, and Yvonne McDonald spinning wool, Dale Dievold and Two Bears working at leather tooling, and Bill Newport with his own unique woodcarvings.

A very special thank you goes out to decorations coordinator Sharon Pietila. Barbara Frey, Sandy Millard and Deloris Grissom brought refreshments, and Stewart Nussbaum donated a truck load of bark mulch before the party.



The celebration was such a huge success it will be repeated on September 20th, 2003. Keep your calendar open!

Bonnie Nutter, Dick Millard, and Don Pietila performing on the LCHS bandstand at the Pioneer Festival 2002

Garrel Millard: Autobiography — 2

"Frog's Legs" by Gregg Walch — 5

Historical Society Situation — 6

Neighborhood News — 7

Gardening Tips — 8

Health Issues — 9

Recipe Selections — 9

"Childhood Memory" Contest Winner — 9

Garrel Charley Millard

Abridged Autobiography

On April 6, 1912, in Kerby, Oregon, Walter Floyd Charley and his wife, Bertha Anna Charley (formerly Bryan), became the parents of a baby girl. I was that baby. It was a first experience for them both, and Papa got so excited he took off for help, vaulted over a rail fence, and landed on top of a big steer that was lying on the other side. I don't know the steer's reaction, but I think it sort of addled Papa because he named me Garrel Marilyn. I never liked the Garrel, but at least when my name is called out at a meeting, no one else answers-except Darrel Stanley.



Walter, Bertha and Garrel Millard

Papa and Mama moved from Kerby to Medford when I was six months old. It was my first and only train ride. Mama said I rode in Papa's big red toolbox in which she had packed her bedding. Was she ashamed of me, trying to hide me, or were they getting out of paying my fare?

I think the earliest memory I have was when we moved onto Grandpa Nimrod Charley's home place. I had an old rag doll that the dog car-

ried into the snow. I went after it and my legs were so short I got stuck and howled until Mama rescued me.

In the meantime my brothers, Boyden and Lincoln, (so named because he looked like Abraham Lincoln when he was born) had mysteriously appeared from ... I don't know where!

I remember moving by team and wagon over the hill to Climax. Clinton was born there. One thing I do recall was that Papa was always teasing me. One day I got this bright idea. He would load his plate down with salt before even tasting the food, so I loosened the top on the saltshaker and, sure enough, a shaker full of salt came out! Well, all at once it didn't seem as funny and I thought it best for me that I make myself scarce. I went outside, curled up in Mama's washtub and went into hysterics! But the look on Papa's face would have been worth a spanking, even if I had gotten one!

Papa was a great old fellow, like a big, gentle bear. At one time it was said that he was the strongest man in Jackson County. He chewed Star Cut plug tobacco, and he was an 'exspurt' shot with the juice. He got a big bang out of squirting it on the boy's bare feet. Once he called me to put wood in the stove, which he was sitting right in front of. I thought it odd that he couldn't do it himself. I found out why as I reached to get a stick and a blob of terbacky juice lit on my hand, and ... laugh, how 'him' did laugh!

He'd forever be promising to get me a piano if I would

build the fire, if I would get him a drink, or if I would get his tobacco that I'd hidden from him. He was always inventing something: pumps run by perpetual motion, roof jacks, ladders, and gold finding machines. He'd get one contraption almost done then a better idea would hit him, and he'd start anew. He tried for patents but never did get one. Later, his idea would turn up under somebody else's name because it had been stolen! He had a sawmill and he cut the lumber for many houses around the valley. He even supplied the lumber for the old covered bridge in Eagle Point.

A story is told of him about when he and his sister were playing up on a hill. He would give Aunt Meda a head start down the hill, and then he'd roll a rock after her. Once she wasn't lucky. The rock caught up with her, and knocked her down. Papa had to give her all his marbles to make her quit crying, and not tell their mother. However, before they got to the house, he had talked her out of them by telling her that little girls didn't play with marbles.

He was a wonderful man with a great sense of humor. He loved to play jokes on folks. At a dance one time there was a man who thought he was God's gift to women and Papa had no use for him. As Papa danced past him he dropped a piece of Limburger cheese down the back of this guy's pants. It wasn't long before the ladies all turned that fellow down!

One thing was for sure, Papa loved his family. Though he never had much money he made us each something for Christmas. I remember one year he made me a pretty little chest. The boys got blowguns, and he made rocking chairs and doll beds for the girls. He would tease Mama. If she got peeved at him, he'd say, "You love me and you can't help yourself!" He would sing her this song, "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose."

Mama's family lived beside Agate Lake, and she taught at the Liberty school before she was married. She always had a nice garden with flowers, and she was wonderful at making do with whatever she had. She would make a feast out of potato soup that she called 'soupy-fry,' some nice crispy cornbread, a jar of prunes, pears or applesauce, and some of Old Tater Blossom's good thick cream. A king would enjoy that meal if he were lucky enough to taste it.

Mama's washing machine was a washboard in a tub. Papa had piped water to the house from a spring so she had running water. Our clothes were dried by solar heat... on a clothesline. She had a treadle sewing machine with which she made most of our dresses, shirts, quilts, and pillowcases.

Our rest room was a 'three holer' out behind the house: a big hole for big bottoms, a middle sized hole for middle sized bottoms, and a little hole down near the floor for little buns. That old backhouse was a good place to meditate and study the catalogs. When Boyd and Lincoln learned the magic of magnetos they'd string fine copper wire around the toilet seat, and out through a crack in the wall to where they were hiding in the bushes. When they saw someone go in they would crank their magneto to give their victim the surprise of his or her life! You soon learned to see if the seat was wired before sitting down.

We ran wild over the mountains; the soles of our feet were half an inch thick. We had to walk three miles to a schoolhouse down at Little Grizzly. We would walk nervously home keeping an eye out for cougars and bears. Finally, Papa and the neighbors built a school in a more central location so we only had to walk a mile. By then I loved school and never missed a day unless I was sick.

Life brightened up considerably for me when the Coys moved into the old Piele Place. Dorothy and I were great friends. We made many playhouses, but we had to hide them because our

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)

brothers would tear them up.

For lack of dolls we made stick kids from sticks broken into different lengths. We could have as many kids as we wanted. (Do you suppose God felt sorry for me and that's why He later gave me fourteen kids, or did He have some left over that nobody else wanted?)

Frieda Hansen was our teacher, and she rode a pretty little mare called Pussyfoot. One evening after school, several of us were admiring Pussyfoot when somebody said I was afraid to get on her. Naturally, I had to prove them wrong. Well, instead of standing still, Pussyfoot took off at a run with me hanging on for dear life, half scared and half thrilled! She took me clear home before she stopped. Instead of getting bawled out like I should have for taking Frieda's horse and riding it, Mama called Frieda and bawled her out for letting me ride it!

Mama ran a Post Office and a branch library out of our home. I have fond memories of winters curled up with a book by Zane Gray, Kathleen Norris, R.M. Bower or Gene Stratton Porter on a winter's day with the wind whistling and snow scurrying down.

During the summer, Mama and Aunt Pearl would work together to can fruit and vegetables, dry prunes, apples, corn, pears, and make hominy. Before winter set in, Papa and the boys would hunt butcher hogs and cut wood. Papa would take Old Bird, Old Idée, and the wagon to Medford to lay in supplies. It took a day to get to town where he'd buy 400 pounds of flour, 100 pounds of sugar, 50 pounds of brown sugar, 100 pounds of dry beans, plus cornmeal, coffee, tea, baking powder, yeast, salt, ammunition, tobacco, matches, and more. He'd also buy a little gift for every one of us, spend the night at Mrs. Kent's or the Schleigh's, and then take another day to get home. The roads were totally impassable after it rained, except if you went by horseback or on foot.

If you were smart, you didn't get sick until about April or May. Until then, you made sure you laid in everything you needed. There was something cozy, close, and sheltered about being shut up for the winter, but we were glad when the snow was gone and the wind quieted down. There would be fish in the creek, little green leaves appearing, new grass, the thrill of finding the first spring beauties blooming under patches of snow, and, later, yellow daisies. Then would come the grass widows, lamb tongues, bird bills, baby blue eyes, tiger lilies, wild roses, and, the greatest prize of all, the mountain lily!

The boys had trap lines for trapping lots of skunks, coyotes, porcupines, and wild cats, including an occasional lynx. My brothers were not dumb. They often talked a sister into going with them to carry the skunks. They spent long evenings studying the *Maas* and *Stevens* fur catalogs, determining which paid the best price. Sometimes they took the furs over to Harry Wright's store in Brownsboro.

One night in 1937, a rabid coyote came onto Grandpa Charley's ranch and bit nearly all of his livestock—cows, hogs, sheep, and chickens—and they all died! It almost bit Milroy, too, when he went out to see what was going on. He hit it with his lantern and turned it aside. (My opinion is that if it had bitten Milroy, it would have died on the spot!) Mr. Hanson killed it two days later when it tried to bite his horse.

We had lots of exciting adventures while growing up. One evening I was milking Tater Blossom and singing her a song. She would let me milk her anywhere she happened to be, so, on this occasion, she was standing by the corner of the barn. On the other side of the barn, unbeknownst to me, Boyd was curious to see what would happen if he tucked a corn cob under Old Bird's tail. Well, she

came stamping around the corner of the barn right over the top of Tater Blossom and me. You can imagine the scene with the horse, cow, and milk bucket all on top of me! I had no idea what Old Bird's problem was, unless she had gone berserk!



Garrel Millard—13 years

Another time Boyd was going to give Opal and Clarabel a thrill. He had them climb up a tree, and then he proceeded to cut it down. Papa caught him just in time and he got a whooping. I felt sorry for him. After all, he had never done anything like that before, and how was he to know they might have gotten hurt?

Clint and Opal were supposed to take turns gathering the eggs. Every time they heard an old hen cackle they ran for the barn. One time it was Opal's turn, but Clint was outrunning her, so she picked up a rock and threw it. It hit

him on the back of the head. I don't know who got that egg.

When haying season was over, the boys loved to sleep out in the barn filled with sweet smelling hay. One night Clint was going to bed in the dark. He climbed up the ladder and lit a match to see where he was. There just happened to be an old hen sitting on top of that ladder, and he wanted her out of the way, so he touched the match to her tail feathers. Things happened fast then. Old Riddy flew in circles all over the top of the hay! It was a miracle the barn and everything in it wasn't burned up!

By now Mama had six more babies: Clarabel, Ruby, Patricia, Wesley, Eunice, and Rosa. We would go to bed at night, and the next morning there would be a brand new baby. If the baby decided to come in the daytime, Mama would tell us we could go down to the Coy's to play. That would be our first surprise. The second surprise would be seeing that new baby when we got home! I didn't exactly believe in storks, but how else to explain all those babies?

Our sweet sister, little Patty, didn't get to enjoy our wild romps. She only lived 'til she was two. She was such a beautiful little girl with curly, honey-gold hair, blue eyes, a sweet smile, and a sunny nature. She loved to go for walks, and I packed her with me many times. She would point me in the direction she wanted to go.

Well, I finally got through the eighth grade, and—with grade school over—I went and stayed at Charley Kincaid's and attended high school, which I finished in about six months. My only claim to fame there was that I was the solitary one in my class who could hit high C (from hog calling I think).

The world of high school behind me, Papa, Boyd, Lincoln, and I went picking pears at the 401 Orchard. We stayed at a cabin at Four Corners through the week and went home on weekends. How fun it was to be able to go home with presents for the kids and give the rest of the money to Mama.

There were not many boys at Climax outside our Charley clan, and they were all snot-nosed kids anyway, younger than me. The only men that were attracted to me were bald, wind broken, fat, God's gift to old maids, or objectionable in some way or other. Well,

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

I wasn't ready to classify myself as an old maid yet, but it didn't seem like any eligible feller was going to think of beating out the brush up Climax way looking for me either, so I was worried I'd be an old maid after all.

After a long winter of hibernating, I was glad to stay with Uncle Earle and Aunt Pearl for a while. They invited me to a local talent show. I don't remember much of what went on because I was feeling 'urpy' from the flu, and I was embarrassed about an ugly cold sore on my lip. I did notice, however, there was a tall, skinny fellow there that looked kind of like a gutted fish worm, and he was showing off for the girls.

About two nights later, that same weird feller showed up and wanted to talk politics with Uncle Earle, who was really surprised because this fellow had never shown any interest in him before. They had an exciting conversation about taxes, weather, crops, spring plowing, and stuff. I could tell right away that he was not interested in me, although he looked in my direction once in a while. I observed that he had fiery blue eyes and a nice profile. He came down to see Uncle Earle quite often, and finally asked me for a date. I honestly don't know what he saw in me. I was shapeless and scrawny. I had a funny shaped head, big feet, and a cold sore. I was a tomboy who played cowboys and Indians with my cousins, had no money, no hope chest, no hope, and no chest!

Well, this fellow Arlin kept coming to see Uncle Earle, talking politics, and then, two months and one week after we met, we were married.



Garrel and Arlin, 1935

He was a very enterprising young man. He had a forty-acre ranch, a string of milk cows, and two horses. He sold milk and cream, and raised tomatoes, corn, hay, and a garden. Then, together, we started raising another crop... kids. We had fourteen.

Lake Creek was a great place to raise our kids. They played and fished in the creek, built dams, climbed hills, explored for hidden Indian caves, hunted arrowheads, picked flowers and blackberries, hunted deer, went for walks, ran, screamed, and fought. Almost every weekend they had friends or cousins to join them in their adventures.

I loved company and it seemed people liked to come to our house. I would make a big kettle of beans or stew, and homemade bread every weekend. I would use fifty pounds of flour every two weeks. I always tried to have something for the kids to munch on when they got home from school, like cinnamon rolls or doughnuts.

I must admit, though, I had some nerve-wracking times living so close to the creek. Every time a kid was out of sight for a while I was afraid they'd fallen in. Then, there were the floods. There were two big Laurel trees on the creek bank when we went to bed, but the next morning they were gone slick as a whistle, and we never saw hide nor hair of them again. The water rose to within ten feet of the house. We had quite a few sleepless nights. We were marooned because the bridge washed out three different times.

Our dear David Nathan was born in 1943. He looked like a boy angel with his sweet face, beautiful golden hair, and his patient expression. He had bronchial asthma and never learned to walk because the effort made him cough, which made him weak. He liked to sit by the window and watch what went on outside. He'd watch the horses, Jim and Beauty, calling them Jim and Boot. He knew they weren't supposed to come into the yard, so he'd make a big fuss and

shout "Whoa" to let us know when they did. He loved picture books of horses. There is no doubt he would have been a cowboy.

One morning after breakfast, we all went outside and left David sitting in his high chair by the table. When I came back in I had a big surprise. He'd reached a five-pound pail of Karo syrup and pulled it off onto the floor. If you've ever wondered how much territory five pounds of syrup can cover, it adds up to four square yards! It only took me half a day to clean it, with him leaning over his chair watching me, saying, "Bad! Bad!"

He liked to have his hat and coat put on 'cause that meant, "Go." He liked to play with my pots and pans, banging them together. I had a potholder shaped like a pig. I would make it get him, and he would pretend to be scared of it.

I knew something was wrong with him, but I thought it could be fixed. He would have a bad attack, usually in the middle of the night, and we'd rush him to the doctor, but, by the time we got him there it would be over, and we'd take him home. The doctor didn't really think anything was wrong with him until one day we got him there while he was having an attack. That doctor finally became concerned. I believe he could see David was near death. He told us to get him to Portland that day. Clarabel took us, and we tried to sing songs and tell stories to keep our spirits up, but, as we were nearing Albany, we knew the thing we were dreading was happening. We were losing our precious little boy just twenty-six days before his second birthday. We took him to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Albany, but it was too late. I was numb, only half aware of what was going on.

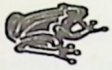
You never get over losing a child, and even now, forty-three years later, it is like a knife in my heart to remember that time. He had dearly loved cheese, and several weeks after he died I was cleaning out the refrigerator where I found a piece I had hidden away just for him. That opened up the floodgates of tears that I had been able to shed before.

My last baby was born in 1957. When I didn't have any more kids, it was kinda' hard getting used to empty arms. In a span of twenty-three years I had fourteen children and three miscarriages. I'm not complaining, just reminiscing. God has given me exactly the right number of kids and a great love for each one. I praise Him for them, as each one has been a great blessing to me. The Lord says if we honor our parents, we shall have long lives. I know the Bible is true so my kids are likely to live to be a hundred or more.

I've learned through reading the Bible and from experience LOVE is the glue that holds a family together. Love is of God and God is love. Love your father, your mother, your brother and sister, and, above all, love your children. Teach them early that God loves them and raise them up to know Jesus as their Savior. This isn't the end of my story. That's for someone else to write.

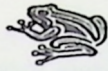


L-R: Gary, Bonnie, Kenny, Hazel, Wes, Nancy, Garrel, Larry, Wayne, Johnny, Marilyn, Steve, Ruth and Dick



Frog's Legs

by Gregg Walch



As I grew up in rural Jackson County in Southern Oregon, from 1952 through the sixties, opportunities were plentiful for young boys who wished to explore nature. My brothers and I took full advantage of these opportunities. We hunted, fished, played in the creek, and, in general, enjoyed the wide expanse of countryside available to us. Fishing, one of our favorite endeavors, took on a little twist in my particular case.

Our family lived on a ranch that was owned and operated by my uncle, Buck Walch. We had quite an extended family in the area. One of my great uncles, Carl Nygren, owned a four hundred acre ranch about four or five miles up country from the place where we lived.

Uncle Carl's ranch had a large irrigation pond and a smaller one. Abundant fish inhabited these ponds—nice big rainbow trout—and we sometimes angled for them. But my uncles used to talk about a man from down in the valley who liked to fish for something else. He liked to fish for frogs—not just any frogs—but specifically for the biggest, healthiest bullfrogs he could find. Uncle Carl had given him permission to fish on his property any time he liked. I knew this man only as Alfonse.

Alfonse intrigued me, partly because of the way people talked about him, as though there were something particularly unusual about a man who fished only for frogs, and partly because I had an interest in pursuing frogs myself. Also, we lived in a very tight knit community where everyone knew just about everything about everyone else, and yet no one except my uncles seemed to know Alfonse. Even they didn't know very much about him. There was one thing I knew, he was the only grown man known to me who fished for frogs.

Having heard at a very young age that frog's legs were supposed to be something of a delicacy, my brothers and I caught a few of the pugnacious amphibians down along the creek. We caught them by watching where they hid under the water when they jumped in. Wading out into the stream, gingerly approaching, and leaning over slowly with one hand only inches away from the frog, we'd suddenly jab down, pinning them onto the rocks and grab them with our other hand.

We caught a few this way, and returning home with them we attempted to persuade our mother to cook them. She rejected the idea out of hand, but finally relented and called next door to ask Granny (our paternal grandmother, Anna Nygren) how to cook frog's legs. Granny told mom to have us boys kill the frogs, skin them, and cut their legs off. Then she gave emphatic instructions for us to locate and remove the large white nerve cords that run down the frog's legs. If we failed to remove the nerves, she cautioned, the legs would spasm and jump in the frying pan when the nerve endings came in contact with the hot grease. As a result, grease would splash all over the stove top, onto the floor, and burn the cook and any spectators who happened to be standing too close. Of course, at the first opportunity, we boys verified the amazing acrobatic abilities of amputated frog's legs in hot grease. This experiment was accompanied by a great deal of raucous hilarity and jumping about on our part, while trying to avoid the burning, spraying grease, which—fortunately—did not wind up putting our eyes out.

At any rate, having experienced a taste of haute cuisine in sampling the delicacy of frog's legs, I was anxious to meet Alfonse and become better educated in the intricacies of frog fishing. To this end, I persuaded my uncle Carl to set up a fishing trip for this notorious frog fisherman and me.

On the appointed day, I was waiting at the gate to my Uncle Carl's property when Alfonse arrived. My expectation was that he would be something of a hillbilly. After all, we were about to traipse about the countryside in the pursuit of frogs. Much to my surprise, the man who greeted me drove a nice vehicle, was dressed in stylish outdoor clothes, new-looking chest waders, and was neatly groomed. In short, he looked like he had just stepped off one of the pages of the *Sears and Roebuck* catalogue that my mother always had available around the house. He was carrying a tackle box, a walking stick (which doubled as a wading stick), and the longest fishing pole I had ever seen.

The pole was a wonder to me—quite the most prodigious sporting accessory this young lad had ever laid eyes on. It was a full twenty feet long, perhaps as much as twenty-four feet. A singular stalk of bamboo with a nicely wrapped handle, it had a fly-fishing reel attached. It also had a nice, big guide for the line about eighteen inches up from the reel and several more guides evenly spaced up the rod. It was just like our smaller fishing poles, but it looked like he had swiped it from some storybook giant. In all my life I have never seen another like it, nor have I seen a representation of a fishing pole of such magnitude, even for deep-sea fishing or surfcasting.

So we set off on our jaunt, and it wasn't long before he was demonstrating the use of this far-reaching tool. While we were still a safe distance from the pond of choice, Alfonse sat down on a log and, opening up his tackle box, took out a gleaming new treble hook about one inch in length and attached it to his line showing me the proper knot to use. Then above the hook he tied a strip of red cloth, about equal to the wingspan of a medium sized butterfly. "Now," he said, "we are ready."

Admonishing that we must be extremely quiet, he led me in our stalk of frogs. We crouched lower as we got closer, stepping carefully so as to make barely a rustle in the tall grass. Moving slower and slower, we snuck into position like panthers, then cautiously rose up and peaked out over the water. Spotting a nice big frog, Alfonse slowly extended the pole out over the water toward his prey, moving smoothly and expertly, so that the frog would not become suspicious and dive under the mossy surface.

When he had the pole in position, about six or seven feet above and slightly in front of his prey, he let the fly down onto the surface of the pond a few inches in front of the frog's nose. The frog just sat there as though he were oblivious to the bait. Alfonse seemed unperturbed as well. He gave the pole a little twist, and the bait seemed to hop on the surface, jiggling the moss and sending little ripples away on the water. There was still no response from the frog, which looked as unperturbed as a jaded judge in traffic court, bored with the same old excuses.

Alfonse steadied the pole against his forearm, while holding it in one hand, and gently tapped the butt of the pole with his other hand. His movements, concealed from the frog by some tall cattails and bulrushes along the water's edge, sent a vibration up the shaft which was amplified by the time it reached the tip, causing the bait on the end of the line to hop and dance around like a tap dancer caught barefoot on hot pavement.

The frog was unmoved by the wildly gyrating imitation of a red-winged dragon fly dancing crazily in front of it, and it seemed like nothing the old fisherman could do would elicit a response. Suddenly a startling thing happened. A smaller frog, which had escaped my notice, came hopping and splashing across the moss from several feet away. This aggressive little guy was practically flying, like the flat stones we sometimes skipped on the water. Just as the frog was

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

about to reach the bait, Alfonse reacted, jerking the pole up and sending the bait flying. My goodness! I fairly jumped out of my skin! After the silent stalk and the interminable diddling with the bait, the sudden action startled me.

As the bait flew up, the pursuing frog made a valiant leap after it and came down right on top of the large, old frog's head, and they both disappeared with a splash. With peeps and belches, frogs large and small disappeared under the water for several yards on all sides. Alfonse slowly turned and looked at me. My eyes must have been bugging out like a stomped frog's eyes, for a large grin began to spread across his face, and then he began to chuckle. "I do believe," he whispered, "frogs sometimes sleep with their eyes open."

We spent most of the afternoon and early evening at the ponds securing quite a few prime frogs in the burlap bag that Alfonse brought along for that purpose. While we were walking from one pond to the other along an irrigation ditch, a great big bullfrog jumped out of the weeds and lit with a splash in the ditch, burrowing into a hiding place it had no doubt used successfully before. I saw where it went, and I lit with a bigger splash right on top of it. Alfonse got a chuckle out of that, and we put another frog in the bag. Something told me Alfonse had never behaved in such an undignified manner.

Frog fishing became a large part of my adolescent adventures, but my brothers could never understand the attraction. I suppose they figured there were easier ways to catch frogs, such as gigging them at night while keeping them mesmerized with a spotlight, but the challenge of fishing for them was always special to me. There is something infinitely more dignified about frog fishing than frog gigging, and catching them by hand should probably be reserved for kids and hillbillies, though I confess I am still occasionally tempted into headlong pursuit of a frog when the opportunity presents itself. After all, frog's legs really are a delicacy.

The adventures depicted in this story predate their being recorded here by thirty or forty years. I am sure Alfonse has long since gone to his reward. Uncle Carl passed on when I was just a young man. Thinking back on my life, I have a lot to be thankful for, not the least of which were the opportunities provided me in my youth. I just want to say, "Thank you Alfonse, and thank you Uncle Carl, as well."

The previous story was entered in the Lake Creek Historical Society's Childhood Memory Contest 2002. Mr. Walch won a dinner for two at the Lake Creek Café. The Lake Creek Historical Society is continuing to collect stories from the area, as well as personal oral and written histories. The winners of our Childhood Memory Contest 2003 will be decided in December of 2003. Submit entries to the Historical Society (541) 826-1513.

Historical Society Situation

The historical societies in Jackson County find themselves in a precarious position since the county drastically slashed funding and proposes to cut even more, if not all, in the near future. The Lake Creek Historical Society is seeking ways to keep the doors open.

In the past, this organization has been pleased to sponsor events, lectures, and parties for the public free of charge. The last decade has seen residents of Lake Creek come together as a community, and we believe that the Historical Society has played an important part in this development.

As our circumstances change, the board's focus must

change. Ways to raise funds are being discussed, and there are some exciting ideas and proposals that could prove to be worthwhile if we had the manpower to pursue them. The Society is actively looking for input from community members. Please help us by becoming a member, volunteering, sponsoring, sharing ideas, putting on an event, or just giving us a word of encouragement. Our goal is to draw the community together and, ultimately, save the society. Without community support, we won't survive.

Services Historical Society has provided in the past:

- Restoration and maintenance of Lost Creek Covered Bridge
 - Structure support and remodeling of the Pioneer Hall
 - Relocating and restoring of the Charley cabin
 - Artifact collection, display, and storage
 - Old photos and documents copied and stored
 - Newsletter three times per year
 - Oral histories recorded
 - Biographies written
 - Local architecture photographed
 - Research and recording of local history
 - Production and sales of *Mountain Echoes* video
 - Glen Jackson biography project
 - Use of facilities for community members
 - Tree planting and maintenance along South Fork
 - Yard and park landscaping and maintenance
 - Roadside cleanup on South Fork
 - Harvest Festival and Community Christmas party
 - Helpful information on the history of the area
 - Civil War reenactments
 - Mountain Man Rendezvous
 - Art and antique doll shows
 - Craft sales and yard sales
 - Gift shop
 - Lectures and demonstrations
 - Concerts and community sings
-

Press Release

A County Draft Conference will be held April 24th, 10:30 am at the Jackson County Court House. This meeting will decide the future of the 15 organizations affiliated with Southern Oregon Historical Society. The public will have 15 minutes to voice their opinions and concerns.

The Lake Creek Historical Society is attempting to preserve the past in order to leave a legacy for the future. We feel that what we do is of vital importance to our community, to our children, and to future generations. We are asking that LCHS members, and anyone who is concerned about these organizations, attend this meeting.

Lake Creek Letter

Historical Society members will notice a change in *The Lake Creek Letter*. It has been expanded to include *Neighborhood News*, as well as other stories and interesting information. We a...

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

asking for suggestions from our readers of ways to enhance *The Letter*. Let us know what you would like to see, and share your own interesting story. Call Kathy @ 826-1513 or Jeannie @ 826-8309.

Pioneer Hall Gift Shop

Items for sale in the Pioneer Hall! Gift Shop include: CDs and cassettes of William and Carla Coleman singing songs from the Civil War era, myrtle-wood tissue boxes and plaques, greeting cards, fridge magnets, photo enlargements, homemade purses, pouches and sachets, unique dolls, a variety of books on the history of Oregon and the Rogue Valley, including the Lake Creek area.

Neighborhood News

Past Historical Society Director, Marian Angele

The following is edited from communications by Marian Angele who resigned as director of the Lake Creek Historical Society to accept a teaching position in Taipei, Taiwan.

Taiwan is a lovely island that still has a few aborigines living in clans in the mountains, but most Taiwanese people, including millions of Chinese who fled Mainland China when Communists took over, came from other places long ago.



Marian Angele

Taipei is very crowded with a population of 2.2 million people. Within a few city blocks in any direction I can find everything I need to live. It is not a rich country, but there is a wide variety of fresh foods and services. I don't care for the food, so I buy fresh fruits and vegetables. The cost of living is lower.

I'm fortunate to work for a university that pays me a good salary. I

teach English, writing, and a *History of Western Culture* class at Ming Chuan University. I get to work by bus. The university is situated on the side of a steep mountain, so there are hundreds of stairs to climb. I also teach at a branch campus about 40 miles away (an hour and a half on a school bus). I am starting to tutor English to private students for extra income.

My students are very sweet and well disciplined, but they don't talk much. I have heard of no incident of stealing, even though students leave their backpacks in piles at the library gate. People are generally very friendly, and they are much kinder to older people here.

The weather is warm to hot; very hot in the summer with high humidity. Pollution is bad, but the wind and rain help clear things out most of the time.

I rent a room with two Philippine women (sisters) who have lived here for 10 years. I live down a small (one car width), winding lane. Roads, lanes, trails, side streets, and alleys all wander in different directions. Many stores are on upper floors. Everything seems small here. I am enjoying my time but I would like to keep in touch with the people in Lake Creek. Please write to me at marrianberies@yahoo.com

Trip to Tonga

Lake Creek Historical Society board member, Bill Jackson recently returned from a Mission Trip to Tonga, an isolated group of islands in the South Pacific. Tonga is a poor country by US standards, but it is rich in cultural heritage. There were some stressful

times while Bill was there, navigating the airport and finding his contact firstly, and then getting lost in town while driving a motor scooter, but the kind, obliging reception overshadowed his anxiety.

The team of workers, assembled by Christian Men's Network, installed computer systems in churches and schools. Bill was a guest speaker on radio stations and television programs; he ministered to lots of friendly, Tonga natives. The trip was a huge success.

New Fire Chief

Lake Creek's new Fire Chief, Mike Hall, has been in the fire service profession since 1985. Mike is an Intermediate Emergency Medical Technician and firefighter who recently retired from the VA Domiciliary. The Halls are fifth generation Rogue Valley residents. Their ancestors arrived hereby wagon train in 1853 over the Applegate Trail. Mike and his wife, Judy, make their home in Sam's Valley. They have a son, Jon, who is a civil engineer with BLM. Jon and his family live in Vale, Oregon. Their daughter, Melody, who is part of the Oregon Air National Guard, lives in Vancouver, Washington, with her family. Mike likes being part of the Lake Creek Volunteer Fire Department, and he is a welcome addition.

Welcome A New Neighbor

Elizabeth Baker, recently from northern California, has taken up residence on the E Z Bar ranch (Bill and Maxine Jackson's) in Lake Creek with her border collies, Black and Rye. She brought a small herd of sheep to be used in training the dogs for practical work, and competitive sheepdog trials. With a little hard work and a lot of luck, Elizabeth would like to qualify her dog, Rye, for the National Sheepdog Finals to be held this fall at Sturgis, South Dakota.

Elizabeth works for Umpqua Bank in Medford as a Commercial Loans Officer. She asks that neighbors stop by to say hi, or wave when they see her standing in the field whistling while her dogs move sheep back and forth over hills and valleys.

Leandra Millard - Young Competitor

Leandra Millard, five-year-old daughter of Ben and Angie Millard, is a familiar contender at the Jackson County fairgrounds. Riding her horse, Tucker, for third place, and her horse, Classy, for fourth place, Leandra competes with the Southern Oregon Barrel Racing Association (SOBRA) in their winter racing series.

SOBRA has been in existence since the early 1980s, started by three riders trying to keep their horses in shape for summer rodeos. The association includes a youth program, which attracts a younger generation of barrel racers, and keeps the club family oriented. Businesses and individuals from Jackson and Josephine County's sponsor SOBRA's awards and events costs, and competitors are drawn from Douglas, Klamath, and Siskiyou Counties.



Leandra Millard

The Millards manage the E Z Bar Ranch in Lake Creek. Leandra's mother works as a teacher's aid at the Lake Creek Learning Center, and also trains horses. Both parents are regular participants in roping and barrel racing events in and around the area.

Exotic Vacation



Cargo Ship — Direct Jabiru

tation recently. The ten year Lake Creek residents spent two months on a cargo ship traveling to and from the South Pacific. They were the only passengers on the ship, *Direct Jabiru*, bound for Australia, which carried one thousand containers and was manned by a Philippine captain, nine officers from Russia, Lithuania, and the Philippines, and eleven crewmembers from the Republic of Kiribati in the South Pacific.

Colin and Christine lived in a spacious cabin and ate in the officer's mess. The international cuisine did not include any American dishes other than an occasional hot dog. They saw flying fish, whales, dolphins, jellyfish, tuna, shark, seals, and many birds including albatross.

On walks to the bow, they talked to crew working on deck. On visits to the bridge and engine room, the officers taught them about the ship's operation. Time flew as they relaxed, read, watched videos, worked crosswords, swam in the seawater pool, and conversed with the seamen. They toured and photographed Mt. Maunganui and Tauranga in New Zealand, Melbourne and Sydney in Australia, and Manzanillo in Mexico.

Colin and Christine are active members of the Lake Creek community. Christine is current president of the Lake Creek Rural Fire District Board. They enjoyed their voyage immensely and highly recommend it to other adventurous souls.

Colin McCoy and his wife, Christine Reising, had an unusual vaca-



Christine & Colin

An Entertaining Hobby

Bob and Joy Lacy, Lake Creek residents since 1987, moved here from Los Angeles. Bob is a veteran of the Korean War, joining the army (with his mother's permission) when he was seventeen, and he was decorated four times. Science fiction was his passion so he got involved in working with rocket engines. After the war he found employment with a private company that was contracted by the National Aeronautical Space Administration (NASA). Bob was enormously excited when he found himself working on the first manned space flight. It was a very stressful job with dreadful consequences if something were to go wrong, as he learned firsthand when the Apollo I spacecraft burst into flames killing three astronauts.

Life is slow and easy for the Lacys since they moved to Lake Creek (except when grandchildren visit). Bob has turned his auto-restoring hobby into an occupation. Joy works with young, disabled children and loves her job. The staff and children she works with adore her, and they are feeling sad that Joy is planning to retire in the near future.

Bob has taken up a new hobby. Five years ago he picked up a tuba and he hasn't looked back. He plays with the *Grants Pass Community Band* and *Rogue Gold*, also from Grants Pass. They have played concerts in Grants Pass parks, at Grants Pass High School, and the Lake Creek Learning Center. You can hear them at the Grants Pass River Valley Christian Church every third Wednes-



Bob Lacy

day of the month at 9:00 a.m., and this fall on September 20th, 2003, they will play for the Lake Creek Historical Society's Pioneer Festival. Be sure to attend and hear their classy music.

New Historical Society Office Manager

Kathy Grissom has accepted the position of director for the Lake Creek Historical Society. It is Kathy's friendly face you see when you stop at the Pioneer Hall. Her love of history stems from her families background-their ancestors moved to the Rogue Valley in 1864. A graduate of Eagle Point High School, she has three years of continuing education in business management from Southern Oregon University. She is married to Scott Grissom (a fifth generation Lake Creek resident) whose family moved to this area in 1894. They and their four children, Aaron, (13), Brandon (10), Daniel(7), and Katelyn, 5, call Lake Creek home. Kathy would like to invite you to visit her at the Pioneer Hall and share your history.

In Our Memories

Dr. Ralph Wehinger

The Memorial service for the late Ralph Wehinger of Lake Creek was held on December 21st at the Jackson County Roads and Parks Auditorium in White City. He died of a brain tumor at his home on December 6th.

Mr. Wehinger, 48 years old, moved to the Rogue Valley from San Jose, California, in 1977. In addition to his wife, Laura, and son, Nathan, of Lake Creek, Ralph leaves behind two daughters, a son, his parents, a brother, four sisters, and three grandchildren.

The Eagle Point Chiropractor clinic was not Mr. Wehinger's only interest in the area. He has been instrumental in many, far-reaching endeavors and some closer to home. He initiated the founding of the Lake Creek Historical Society, and the subsequent restoring of the Lost Creek Covered Bridge and the Lake Creek Pioneer Hall. This Historical Society is here because of Ralph's keen efforts.

Our community has suffered a great loss with the passing of Mr. Wehinger, and our deepest sympathies go out to his family.



Leonard Zylstra

A memorial service for Leonard Zylstra, resident of Lake Creek for the past nine years, was held at the Pioneer Hall on December 22, 2002. Mr. Zylstra, born in Michigan on December 14, 1951, passed away on December 5, 2002, in Sacramento, California. His wife, Pamela, and a daughter in San Diego survive. Leonard was involved with local water shed issues after the Little Butte Creek flood in 1997. We send our sincere condolences to Mrs. Zylstra.

Gardening Tips from Doveland Nursery

By Dianne West

Daylilies are one of the most versatile of all plants in the flower garden. They like to be planted in a shallow hole in full or partial sunlight, and will respond with abundant blooms. Once they are established, they need a minimum of water. Other plants that like shallow planting (only an inch of soil covering) are: peonies, rhododendrons, and azaleas. The rule of thumb is to plant them level with the top of the root ball. Mulching flowerbeds saves time on weeding and watering, and it looks great. Stop in and see us at the nursery.

Health Issues: Introduction

In this new *Health Issues* column we will meet the author, John Schileppi, L.Ac., a ten year Lake Creek resident who commutes weekly between Medford, Hilt, and Malibu, California, where he maintains separate practices.

John has been a holistic healthcare practitioner for over twenty years. His newsletter, *Natural Health News*, his practical health manual, *The Principles of Natural Healing*, his new book, *The Non-Denominational Nutritional Diet*, and his lectures at seminars and on radio have a single, health-giving message. Everything necessary for the maintenance of our health and healing is provided by nature.

All past societies and civilizations have fallen for the same reason-their divergence from nature's principles and the collapse of their agricultural practices. Agriculture is the true basis of the economy. Sustainable farming uses land, animals, water, and plants to produce healthy food, yet it does not deplete the land. Independent, self-sufficient family farms are the guardians of our good health. Farms with healthy soil produce healthy food.

Those who would enjoy good health will eat organically grown, healthy foods, and add to their diet natural supplements that compensate for a lifetime of nutritional deficiencies. Returning to century-old healing arts, such as acupuncture and botanical medicine to heal aggressive conditions are ways of working in harmony with nature.

The ill individual who cooperates with Nature will be assisted by Nature, for Nature supports good health. Thus, the migration in America today is no longer from eastern to western frontiers, but from the city to the country. The new frontier is the small community that is based on the sustainable family farm, returning its owners to a healthy lifestyle.

In their personal lives, John and his family practice these theoretical principles of good health. Their family farm is run under the philosophy of Biodynamic Farming, which provides them with clean air, pure spring water, and wholesome food-organic fruits and vegetables, grass-fed animals, raw milk, cheese, butter, fertile eggs, and free-range chickens. John's devotion to helping individuals achieve and maintain vibrant health is reflected in his teach-by-example lifestyle.

LCHS Recipe Selections

The Lake Creek Historical Society is putting together a recipe book. We are asking for old family recipes and remedies, in addition to those newer, never fail ones. Submissions should have a complete ingredient list and careful instructions for preparation. If possible, include a personal history of the recipe including vital information and a brief biographical sketch of the person who used it. The recipe history could include any family events where the dish was served, how it became a family tradition, and how it was passed down to your generation. Submit as many recipes as you like and include written permission to publish your name with the recipe, or contact Kathy at the Historical Society (826-1513) for assistance.

Swedish Rice

by Roberta Hill and Norma Bennett

On a wood cook stove, use one cup pearl rice (short, rounded kernels) and bring it to a boil with enough water to cover rice. Add milk. Move to the back of the stove for a slow, all day preparation. Watch it carefully, stirring, and adding milk and cream as needed to keep it quite liquid. Salt to taste. Toward the end of the

cook time, add sugar and vanilla to taste. This rice dish always became quite rich and was a major part of our Christmas Eve supper.

Crock Pot Beans

by Deloris Grissom

½ to 1 lb ground beef
¾ lb cut up bacon
1 cup chopped onion
2 cans (1 lb 15oz) pork and beans
1 Tbs liquid smoke
3 Tbs white vinegar
1 can (16 oz) butter lima beans
1 can (16 oz) kidney beans
1 cup brown sugar
1 tsp salt
Dash of pepper

Drain lima and kidney beans. Brown ground beef in skillet, drain off fat, and put in crock-pot. Brown bacon and onions, drain off fat. Add bacon, onions, and remaining ingredients to crock-pot. Stir together well. Cover and cook on low for 4-9 hours.

Childhood Memory Contest 2002

The Lake Creek Historical Society's *Childhood Memory Contest* was a success. Board members had a difficult time deciding on first place. After much deliberation, Buck Walch's story was chosen (look for it in an upcoming newsletter). Buck received a new guitar with a carrying case and collectors edition copies of *Guitar Player* magazine, donated by Bill and Maxine Jackson. Other prizewinners (in alphabetical order) were Shahala Bruce, Ruby Pruett, Greg Walch, William Wright, and Ralph Wyant. A hearty thanks goes out to all those who took the time to enter and to those who donated the wonderful prizes. The contest was so successful, LCHS is repeating it in 2003. Please submit entries to LCHS or come in and we will assist you in writing them.



Buck Walch, first place contest winner

Volunteers Needed

The Lake Creek Historical Society is seeking assistance. Volunteers are needed to run the copy machine, read material, make notes, catalog information, organize and file photographs, organize and work at events, and much more. Open hours are from 8:40am-2:40pm Monday through Friday. Please call LCHS at 826-1513 and talk to Kathy if you are interested.



Photograph courtesy
of Jeannie Bruce



Photograph courtesy
of Jeannie Bruce

Lake Creek Historical Society

These local businesses are sponsors of the Lake Creek Letter

**Wellness Consultants
Nikken Distributors**
Pi-water
Far-infrared
Magnetic technology

Chuck and Rosanne Leadford
10410 S Fork Little Butte Creek
Eagle Point, Oregon 97524
(541) 826-5392 E-mail: chuckrose@ccountry.net

CASCADE NORWEGIAN FJORDS

A HORSE FROM THE PAST —
THE HORSE OF THE FUTURE

REGISTERED NORWEGIAN FJORD HORSES
NEWBORNS AND YEARLINGS
STUD SERVICE - "D+ELCO"

CHUCK & JEANNIE BRUCE
380 LAKE CREEK LOOP
EAGLE POINT, OREGON

(541) 826-8309
FAX (541) 826-1235

Brownsboro Excavation Inc.
125 S Obenchain Rd, Eagle Point, OR 97524

Billy S. Frazier
Phone: (541) 826-1438

Cell: (541) 601-9380 Fax: (541) 826-4663
Contractors License: #56362

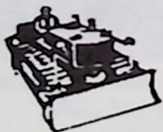
JOHN F. SCILEPPI, L. Ac.

Acupuncture, Botanical Medicine,
Nutritional Consultation & Neuromuscular Therapy

www.traditionforlongevity.com
Www.qualitynutrients.com

Malibu Natural Health Center, Inc.
29169 Heathercliff Rd., #218
Malibu, CA 90965
(310) 457-6413

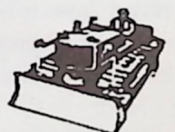
Natural Health Center
1965 Hilt Rd.
Hilt, CA 96044
(530) 475-3109



NT EXCAVATION

Dozer Work

Backhoe Work



Pads, Roads, Pipe lines, Electrical lines, Curtain drains, Ponds, Foundations, Demolitions

Stewart Nussbaum
5597 S.F.L.B. Creek Rd.
Eagle Point, OR 97524

Just Plain Diggin'

Phone: (541) 826-2343
Pager: (541) 814-0923
CCB# 142118

Lake Creek Letter Sponsors

Are your photos in a box?



Trudy Jepper
Creative Memory Consultant
(541) 826-9250

Photo-safe Scrapbook Photo Albums
Classes and Workshops
Business Opportunities

Visit www.creativememories.com
or call the Creative Memories
Home Office to find a Consultant
near you. (800) 341-5275

DOVELAND NURSERY

Containers of all types - Landscape Plants - Tours

5075 So. Fork L.B. Crk.
Eagle Point, OR 97524

Rex & Diane West
541-826-4954

3 1/2 miles past Lake Creek Store—Closed Mon. & Thurs

D'ELEGANCE SALON

BECKI VOKRAL
HAIRSTYLIST

151 W. LINN RD. ST. F6
EAGLE POINT, OREGON



Phone: 830-4477

BOB LACY

5267 S Fork Little Butte Creek Road
Eagle Point, Oregon 97524
541-826-9326

CLASSY CARS

Restorations
Show Quality Painting
Classic Replicas Built to Order
Metal Finishing
Journeyman Machinist
Trailer Transport Provided

lake creek café

wed. thru sat. 8:00 to 2:00

sunday is "breakfast only"

open at 8:00 close at noon

closed mon. and tue. 826-9555

donnie and nina garrison

D.P. Countertops

541-826-1793

Quality Laminate
New & Remodel
Custom Built & Installed
25 Years Experience
Lic. #47656

*"The bitterness of poor quality remains long after the
sweetness of low price is forgotten."*

THE CUTTING EDGE HEALTH DIGEST

Jeani McKeever-Harroun brings to you, in **DIGEST FORM**, cutting-edge research on natural healing alternatives that can affect the health and well being of you and your loved ones. **Save time and money** with this informative, easy-reading, condensed synopsis.

\$20 for a year's subscription (quarterly).

Call (541)826-9877 HD@the-cutting-edge.org
The Cutting Edge Ministries, PO Box 1788, Medford, OR

Cascade Real Estate

Don Grissom, Broker

Stan Deupree

Ed Peile

10886 Highway 62, Eagle Point

826-3656 1-800-343-4165

April 13, 2pm: The History of Quilt Making will be presented by Portland resident Mary Bywater Cross. The Jacksonville Museum Quilters will be working on a quilt-in-progress as well as exhibiting quilts. The ladies of our community are invited to bring their own quilts for display. Admittance is Free.

May 7, 1pm: How to Climb Your Family Tree is a free genealogical class for children ages 8 and up. This class is being offered to all children local schools including home schooled children. Call Kathy at 826-1513 for more information.

June 14, 5-8pm: Praise in the Park -The public is invited to the Pioneer Hall park to join many musicians from local churches in praising the Lord. Everyone is welcome. There will be a potluck from 5-6pm.

June 28, 9am-2pm: Lake Creek Grower's, Crafter's, and Baker's Bazaar -The LCHS is kicking off a summertime Bazaar that will be held in the park beside Pioneer Hall. Booth space is available for a suggested donation of \$10.00. Proceeds will go to LCHS. For information or to book space contact Kathy at 826-1513. Vendors from all over the Rogue Valley are invited.

July 12 & 13: Sixth Annual Civil War Reenactment -Sutlers (peddlers), blacksmith demonstrations, homemade lye soap and candle making demonstrations, Old Time Fiddlers, authentic campsites, fashion show, church service, Pony Express rider, skirmishes, surgical tent, Civil War era dance (called a Soiree), and much more will be in Lake Creek for the public's enrichment and entertainment.

July 19: Charlie Family Reunion -will be held in the Pioneer Hall

and Park for relatives of the Charlie family. Call Kathy at 826-1513.

August 23, 10am-4pm: Lake Creek Doll Show is back after an absence. The theme of this year's *Southern Oregon Doll Collector's* display is *Hot August Nights*. The club will raffle a porcelain doll that comes with a complete, period appropriate wardrobe. There will be an Antique and Vintage Car Show in conjunction with this event. Free admittance.

August 23, 10am-4pm: Antique and Vintage Car Show -In conjunction with the Lake Creek Doll Show

August 30, 9am-2pm: Lake Creek Grower's, Crafter's, and Baker's Bazaar

September 20: Pioneer Festival 2003 -Historical activity booths, vendors, music, and historical games will be offered for the whole family. Volunteers are needed with children's game booths, the refreshment stand, and many other things. If you are interested in volunteering or would like to participate in any way please call Kathy at 826-1513.

September 20: Community Swap Meet -In conjunction with the Pioneer Festival, the Lake Creek Historical Society will be holding a neighborhood swap meet behind the store. To book a space, or for more information contact Dwight Pech at 826-1793.

September 27, 9am-2pm: Lake Creek Grower's, Crafter's, and Baker's Bazaar. This will be the last bazaar of the season.

For information on the above call Kathy at the LCHS- 826-1513.

Please check the membership category below, and mail this form with your check to:

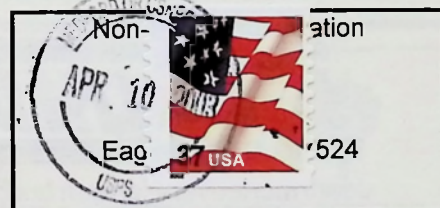
Lake Creek Historical Society
1739 South Fork Little Butte Creek Road
Eagle Point, Or. 97524

Family _____ \$ 10 per year
Friend _____ \$ 25 per year
Sponsor _____ \$ 50 per year
Patron _____ \$ 75 per year

Benefactor _____ \$100 per year
Historian _____ \$200 per year
Life Member _____ \$500 per year
Other _____ \$

☐ Yes! I want to be involved as a Lake Creek Historical Society Volunteer

Lake Creek Historical Society
1739 South Fork Little Butte Creek Road
Eagle Point, Or. 97524



Eagle Point Historical Soc.
P.O. Box 201
Eagle Point, OR 97524